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IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN STEWART,
&
ELIZABETH ANN STEWART.

"Servants of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And thou art crowned at last."

COMPILED BY
GEORGE B. KULP.

(Printed for the Family.)

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Kulp, George B.

In memoriam John Stewart, Elizabeth
Ann Stewart.

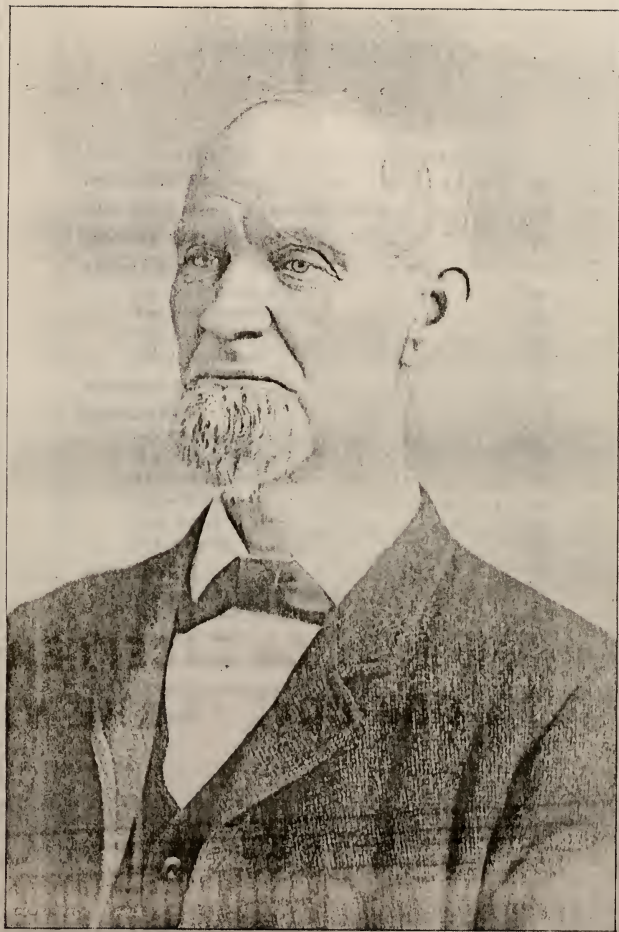
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GENEALOGICAL.

John Stewart, grandfather of the late John Stewart, of Scranton, Pa., was a native of the North of Ireland, and came to this country with his wife and family immediately before or soon after the revolutionary war, and located at or near Harrisburg, Pa. After a residence of some years in this country the father and mother died, and are supposed to be buried at Myerstown, Pa. They had several children, all of whom were probably born in Ireland. They were John, Thomas, Moses, Ann, who married John Livingston, Margaret, who married James Stewart, Sarah, who married Samuel Reed, and Elizabeth, who married Robert Neely. Thomas was drowned in the Schuylkill river in Philadelphia in 1812, and Moses, who was a merchant in that city, died in 1823.

John Stewart, father of the late John Stewart, was born June 1, 1768. He resided in Lancaster or Dauphin county until 1802, when he with the rest of the family removed to Philadelphia. He was a merchant there for many years, but owing to the war of 1812 and endorsements for friends, lost the greater part of his fortune. In 1823 he removed to Pittston, Pa., where he died April 9, 1829. He married, in 1806, in Philadelphia, Jane Stuart, who was also born in the North of Ireland in 1782. She was the daughter of Robert Stuart and his wife, Nancy Aker. Her parents died in 1789, and in 1795 she came to Philadelphia with two sisters, Mary and Eleanor; Mary subsequently married Matthew Patterson, and Eleanor, John Bell. The latter was a merchant, and both families resided in Philadelphia. She had two brothers, Peter and James, who came to America a number of years before she did. They were "killed in a lead mine." Jane Stewart died November 1, 1846. John Stewart and his wife had five children, all of whom were born in Philadelphia.

I. Ann Livingston Stewart, born April 27, 1809. She married, September 15, 1828, William Slocum, born May 4, 1803, grandson of Jonathan Slocum and his wife, Ruth Tripp, of the town of Portsmouth, county of Newport, R. I. They moved into Wyoming Valley in November, 1777, with seven sons and three daughters, and settled in Wilkes-Barre. On November 2, 1778, his daughter Frances was carried into captivity by Indians and never returned. After a long search by relatives she was found living near Peru, Ind., where her brother and other relatives visited her in 1837. She died on the Missisnewa March 9, 1847. She was married to an Indian chief and had children. On December 16, 1778, Jonathan Slocum and his father-in-law, Isaac Tripp, were killed by Indians in Wilkes-Barre, and William Slocum, son of Jonathan Slocum, was wounded. William Slocum was born January 6, 1762. From 1796 to 1799 he was sheriff of Luzerne county, which embraced the territory now included in the counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Susquehanna and Wyoming. In 1799 he removed to what is now the borough of Exeter, where he died October 20, 1810. His son, William Slocum, was the husband of Ann Livingston Stewart. He died May 27, 1856. Ann L. Slocum died March 25, 1890.

II. Moses Stewart, born December 6, 1811. But little is known of him. In his early manhood he became a hunter and trapper. The family have in their possession two letters written by him. One written June 19, 1852, from "Post of Arkansas, Arkansas county, state of Arkansas." The second is written from the same place and is dated August 9, 1852. In it he states, "My place of residence is in the state of Iowa. I am here on business and shall leave here next Monday for the Cherokee Nation, and will return here on my way to Iowa the last of September or the first of October, when I expect to find a letter from you in this same post office. * * * I married in St. Charles county, Missouri. I lost my wife near the Ozark Timbers in the Missouri Territory. * * * I have owned

three small tracts of land in Iowa, but since the death of my wife I have been engaged in the fur trade." This is about all that is known of him as he never answered other letters.

III. Mary Jane Stewart, born April 27, 1814. Died April 16, 1881.

IV. Margaret Stewart, born December 20, 1816. Died December 20, 1817.

V. John Stewart born February 8, 1820.

He was married by Rev. Roger Moister, December—, 1842, to Elizabeth Ann Williams, a daughter of the late Ezra Williams, of Wilkes-Barre (now Plains) township, Luzerne county, Pa., and his wife, Mary Black, daughter of Henry Black, of Bucks county, Pa. Mr. Williams was a descendant of Robert Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., who emigrated to this country from England in 1637. Ezra Williams' grandfather, Thaddeus Williams, moved to the Wyoming Valley from Connecticut at an early day. He was driven from the valley at the time of the battle and massacre in 1778; his house and barn were burned by the enemy, his cattle stolen, his harvest almost entirely destroyed—a spot here and there by chance only preserved. He afterwards returned and settled in Wilkes-Barre. In 1790 he was a resident of Weston, Conn. He died April 11, 1796. His wife, Frances Williams, *nee* Case, of Hartford, Conn., died in August, 1815. Thomas Williams, son of Thaddeus Williams, was born in Fairfield county, Conn., January 19, 1756. Fired by the love of liberty, participating with the patriotic spirits of that day, who were indignant at the encroachments of England upon the rights of America, he was among the first that joined the standard of his country at Wyoming when the recruiting banner was unfurled by order of the Continental Congress. In the "Hazleton Travellers," written by Hon. Charles Miner, we find the following sketch of Thomas Williams: "It is not my purpose to follow the Wyoming troops through their several campaigns. Mr. Williams was with them in constant service till their final discharge, except when allowed to

return on furlough (which was a frequent practice in the service), when a brother or friend took his place for a season. Thus at one time Mr. Williams' brother, Isaac, took his place for a month or two. The year of the massacre, Isaac Williams and John Abbott were ambushed by the savages, and both murdered and scalped, near Mill Creek. Isaac was only eighteen when he fell. He was fearless and active, ardent and patriotic. It is impossible, even at this late day, to think of his melancholy fate without the most painful emotions. He fell in the bloom of youth, in the dream of a most promising manhood. But these were times of great trial and suffering. The deprivation of those nearest and dearest was a source of ordinary affliction. It was the common lot. In March, 1779, the spring after the battle, a large body of Indians came down on the Wyoming settlements. So broken were our people by that fatal invasion that they were few in number, weak and illy prepared for defense, although a body of troops was stationed in the valley for their protection. The savages were estimated to exceed four hundred men. They scattered abroad over the settlement, murdering, burning, taking prisoners, robbing houses and driving away cattle. After doing much injury they concentrated their forces to make an attack on the fort in Wilkes-Barre, situated on the river bank (just in front of the present residence of Hon. Stanley Woodward). Thaddeus Williams, father of Thomas Williams, of whom I am now speaking, occupied a house not far from where the late Judge Fell lived, near the corner of Northampton and Washington streets. The Indians deemed it important to take this house before the attack on the fort should be made, and a detachment of twenty or thirty of them was sent for that purpose. It happened that Sergeant Williams was then at home. His father was unwell in bed. A lad, a younger brother, of twelve or thirteen, was the only other male person with them, so that the task of defending the house fell entirely on Sergeant Williams. The odds were fearfully against him, the chances of success or escape desperate, but the call of duty to defend his parents from

the tender mercies of the savages was imperious. He had been out in the service, and was familiar with danger. Naturally brave, being young and ardent, he resolved to do his utmost, and he did his duty like a hero. There were three guns in the house, all charged. The lad was directed as he fired to reload the pieces as well as he could, which the little fellow faithfully did. The enemy rushed up to the door, but it was barricaded, so that they could not force it open. Sergeant Williams, aiming through the logs, fired and one of the enemy fell, when they fled, with a hideous yell, dragging away the wounded Indian. But, rallying again, they rushed up, surrounded the house, and several found places through which to fire. The sick father received by a ball a severe wound in the side, but Sergeant Williams was not idle. He fired several times, is certain of bringing another down, and thinks a third, when the party again retreated. The next time they came on with brands of fire, and the fate of the besieged was almost certainly sealed, but Mr. Williams, getting sight of the savage who had the brand, took deliberate aim and fired. The savage fell, and his companions, dragging him away, with terrible yells withdrew, and Williams was victorious. There is no doubt that the lives of his parents and the whole family were preserved by his courage and spirit. It was a glorious affair, and reflects on Mr. Williams the highest honor. How many he slew could not be known, as the Indians make it a point to carry off their dead, if possible. After the savages retired from Wyoming, Mr. Williams rejoined his company, and continued in the service till the close of the war. Thus, in the revolutionary contest, the father was wounded, a brother was slain, and Mr. Williams himself served in the regular army for several years, besides defending the house against so formidable an attack."

Thomas Williams married, in 1782, Elizabeth Robertson, of Bethel, Conn. He lived at Danbury, Conn., until the spring of 1790, when he removed again to Wyoming, living until his death in the present township of Plains, rearing a family of six

sons and four daughters, of whom Ezra Williams was the third son. He was a native of Wilkes-Barre township, where he was born September 24, 1791. He died September 21, 1844. Mrs. Ezra Williams was born February 27, 1792, and died July 10, 1869.

Mrs. Stewart after her marriage went with her husband to his farm in Lackawanna township, now Old Forge township, Lackawanna county, Pa., where she resided until the removal of the family to Scranton. She was born in Wilkes-Barre (now Plains) township, February 28, 1819. She died April 8, 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had children, as follows:

I. Mary Elizabeth Stewart, born March 6, 1844, in Wilkes-Barre (now Plains) township, Luzerne county, Pa. She was married October 4, 1864, by Rev. Reuben Nelson, D. D., to George Brubaker Kulp, born February 11, 1839, at Reamstown, Pa. They had children:

1. John Stewart Kulp, M. D., born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 8, 1866.
2. George Ernest Kulp, born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 29, 1868. Died at Lackawanna, Pa., July 14, 1869.
3. Harry Eugene Kulp, born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., February 11, 1870.
4. Mary Estelle Kulp, born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 30, 1873.
5. Howard Olin Kulp, born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., September 29, 1876. Died at Wilkes-Barre, December 18, 1876.
6. Leroy Kulp, born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 13, 1879. Died at Wilkes-Barre, September 11, 1879.

II. Clara Jane Stewart, born at Lackawanna, Pa., August 17, 1846. She was married November 30, 1870, by Rev. A. A. Marple to Charles Byron Scott, who was born at Waterbury, Conn., June 18, 1845. Their children are:

1. Frank Stewart Scott, born at Scranton, Pa., June 7, 1872.
2. Charles Ezra Scott, born at Scranton, Pa., July 1, 1874.
3. Leroy Scott, born at Scranton, Pa., December 27, 1880.

III. Frances Evelyn Stewart, born at Lackawanna, Pa., June 22, 1848. She was married February 4, 1868, by Rev. Reuben Nelson, D. D., to William Drake Loomis, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 18, 1844. They had children:

1. Ellen Elizabeth Loomis, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., May 14, 1870.
2. Bruce Emerson Loomis, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., July 17, 1873.
3. Ida Maud Loomis, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 15, 1882. Died April 3, 1883.
4. William Earl Loomis, born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., June 5, 1884.

IV. Sarah Reed Stewart, born at Lackawanna, Pa., January 9, 1852. She was married September 25, 1873, by Rev. John La-Bar to Sweze M. Stevens, born in Monroe, Orange county, N. Y., April 18, 1848. They had children:

1. Guy Ernest Stevens, born in Scranton, Pa., October 23, 1874.
2. Helen Elizabeth Stevens, born in Scranton, Pa., October 27, 1880.

S. M. Stevens, died August 22, 1889. Sarah R. Stevens, died April 12, 1890.

V. Kate Ida Stewart, born at Lackawanna, Pa., October 23, 1856. She was married November 11, 1874, by Rev. John La-Bar, to Lewis Consort Hessler, born at Beaumont, Luzerne county, Pa., April 10, 1845. They have no children.

MEMORIAE.

BY REV. S. C. FULTON, A. B., PH. B.

All undue eulogy of the dead is distasteful, even if it be not absolutely sinful. One can hardly be too careful in writing or speaking of the departed. Those who survive have been close observers; their memories are retentive; should unwarranted statements be made they readily detect the discrepancy between the life as it was, and as it is said to have been lived amongst them. Great harm in various ways may be wrought by a one-sided, exaggerated portraiture of the life and character of the deceased; and yet it were not wise or well to allow truly good and noble lives to pass away without proper recognition of their worth, and application of their lessons to other lives. For it is largely by such lives that we, ourselves, learn to live aright, and may become worthy of imitation and loving and honorable mention after we are gone.

In the brief imperfect memories here to be recorded of two dear friends, care shall be exercised, as far as possible, simply to state the truth. As far as possible, yes; for the strong attachment of a tender, well-ripened friendship tends to engender prejudices equally as strong, exposing him who looks through large and loving eyes, however careful, to unconscious error.

It is, however, only echoing the universal sentiment of those who knew them best, to say, that when MRS. ELIZABETH A. STEWART breathed her last, followed a few hours later by her husband, MR. JOHN STEWART, no ordinary spirits passed away. I do not say that they were perfect. No human life is perfect. The statue is never perfect while under the chisel of the master; only when it has been lifted by him to its appropriate niche of glory can it be said to have reached perfection. But

the lives of this noble pair, even while subjected to the perfecting processes, were in many respects far above the average of human lives. No marvel then that the teeming thousands of Scranton and her sister cities throughout the Wyoming valley were startled and pained beyond expression at the announcement of the blow upon blow that laid these well known and well beloved forms "low in the dust," bringing sorrow upon sorrow to unnumbered hearts.

The very thought of making any separate record of such lives as these jars upon the heart as a positive discord, so perfectly one were they in thought, purpose and love. Nothing in their long life's experience could mar this oneness, and death itself was powerless to destroy it. Robert Browning says, in his exquisite poem, "By the Fireside:—"

"If two lives join there is oft a scar,
They are one and one with a shadowy third;
One near one is too far."

This sentiment finds no vindication in the case of John Stewart and his wife Elizabeth. In their one life there was no place for the added "one with the shadowy third," nor even the hint of a "scar." This perfect unity was not the creation of any legal or ecclesiastical ceremony—however, these may have ratified and declared it—it was the work of God. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

They both came of sturdy and heroic ancestry. Mr. Stewart's grand-parents came from the North of Ireland, shortly before or soon after the revolutionary war. They settled in Dauphin county, Pa., at or near Harrisburg, near which they are buried. The name John was handed down from father to son through three generations. John Stewart, the second, was a child when his parents emigrated to America. In 1802 he removed to Philadelphia, where he was engaged in mercantile life, and in 1823 he removed to Pittston, where he died in 1829.

John Stewart, the third, of whom I am now writing, was born February 8, 1820, in Philadelphia. After the death of his father he moved with his mother to what is now Old Forge

township, Lackawanna county, Pa., where he spent the greater part of his life. Here his father had bought a farm which was heavily mortgaged. Young Stewart, though but a boy, manfully grappled with this debt, and succeeded in paying it off, thereby unconsciously training himself for future financial mastery, and laying the foundation of the ample fortune which he bequeathed without favoritism to his children.

In December, 1842, he was married to Elizabeth Ann Williams, a descendant of Robert Williams, of Roxbury, Mass., who emigrated to this country from England in 1637. This elect lady could count amongst her less remote ancestry, some of the most heroic souls in all that band of heroes who first pioneered their way into the Wyoming valley, contending with wild beasts and wilder men for the homes they founded in the wilderness. In her ancestral line were some, too, who signalized themselves in the revolutionary war. If there be any truth and force in the law of heredity, it is no wonder that the lives under consideration should reveal so many fine and noble qualities.

After Mrs. Stewart had spent some time with her parents, she went to live with her husband at Old Forge, where they lived and labored for many years, lovingly together, each vying with the other in mutual devotion. Here they began that wonderful home-life which charmed and won the admiration of all who came within its sweet and beneficent influence. While residing here there were born to them four daughters—Clara Jane, Frances Evelyn, Sarah Reed, and Kate Ida, the eldest, Mary Elizabeth, having been born in Wilkes-Barre (now Plains) township.

In 1874 Mr. and Mrs. Stewart removed to Scranton, where they resided until their death, April 8-10, 1890.

Here Mr. Stewart soon became a leader in business and social circles. He was a man amongst men; easily and naturally influencing and leading his associates. He would command attention and respect anywhere. He had a fine presence—tall, erect, hale and vigorous—with a step as firm and elas-

tic to the last as that of any man in the prime of manhood. He was, therefore, with his keen, kindly eyes, firmly set lips, high forehead, snowy hair, and withal his most genial expression of countenance, one of the most imposing and impressive personages to be met in the crowded thoroughfares of his own or any city.

Mr. Stewart's history, like that of many men who have left their mark upon the world, contains comparatively few incidents. It is not always the most eventful lives from which come the largest and best influences and achievements. The life of Arnold of Rugby was a less eventful life than that of Mr. Stewart, yet who can measure the worth to humanity of that life? Mr. Stewart's public labors were chiefly local—confined to the places where he lived. He was for twenty years a school director and did much for the improvement of the system of education. He was nominated by President Johnson for collector of internal revenue, but for party reasons the senate refused to confirm his appointment.

The public work to which he gave the greatest attention and in which he most delighted, was that of caring for the poor. As early as 1860, he was appointed a director of the "Poor of Jenkins township, Pittston borough and Pittston township," composed of the boroughs of Avoca, Hughestown, Pittston, Yatesville and the townships of Jenkins, Lackawanna, Marcy, Old Forge and Pittston, by an act of the Legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, and by successive acts until May 1, 1875. He served in this capacity until his removal to Scranton. On April 29, 1880, he was appointed by the Honorable Charles E. Rice, president Judge of Luzerne County, a director of the "Poor of Providence," composed of the borough of Dunmore and the city of Scranton. He held this office until his death. He was chosen president of the Board, January 2, 1886, and on the first Friday of January in each of the four succeeding years. At his death a series of resolutions were adopted by the Board, recounting his "many excellencies of character," commending his "conspicuous and meritorious

labors on the behalf of the public," and regretting the "loss of his wise counsel and unsullied life" from amongst the members of the Board. At his decease, the Honorable Lewis Pughe, of Scranton, was chosen his successor to the presidency.

Perhaps no one was ever better qualified for this delicate and difficult position than Mr. Stewart. He stood for the interest of both the public and the poor. The while he guarded the public funds placed in his hands, as a most sacred trust, from all unwarranted and undue expenditure—demanding the strictest economy in their appropriation and disbursement—his heart was as tender and pitiful towards his poor wards as that of the mother towards her needy children. While he was far too shrewd and clear-eyed to be duped by any impostor, yet at the recital of the privations and sorrows of genuinely needy cases his kindly eyes would brim with tears, his firm lips would quiver with sympathy, and again and again when the public funds proved inadequate to meet the demands he would from his own purse gladden the hearts of the needy. This he did with characteristic modesty, invariably charging those present, especially the newspaper reporters, not to give publicity to his action. He was blest, too, with that exceedingly rare gift of so using charity funds as not to degrade and pauperize the beneficiaries, but to elevate and inspire them to self-reliance and self-help.

His was a great, generous, sympathetic nature. While he was one of the sturdiest and manliest of men, his sympathies were as tender and true as those of the ideal woman. With all his virility, the most casual contact brought out these rich sympathies. He reminded me often of a storied bell in an old European Cathedral, which, when struck with a heavy hammer, sent forth and far away, loud, sweet strains, filling the whole air with music. But you might hear the sweetest, most plaintive harmonies evoked from that bell by the touch of a child's hand, or the accidental brushing of the robes of the passer by. His sympathies flowed forth not only when great sorrows struck him, but the most casual touch, the slightest

approach of another's woe, caused the deep sympathy of his soul to gush forth, cheering, blessing, helping all the needy who came near him. His sympathy never vaporized into mere sentiment, but forged itself into help in time of need.

Possibly this statement may be a surprise to some who knew not, or only half knew this man. To such he may have appeared only as a brusque, eager, pushing, persevering, dominating power of a man. All this was true of him, but this is not all the truth of him. He was a power, but that power came from his heart of fire, and that heart was not worn upon his sleeve. He manifested himself only to his friends—only these knew the depth and warmth of this stalwart. The tenderest poetry may spring from out the severest logic; the fairest flowers bloom sometimes from the heart of the granite rock.

In the pursuit of his own business enterprises he was an eager, progressive, self-reliant man. He was gifted with rare insight and foresight which made him master of the situation while the less favored were still striving to reach a decision. He was a man of unquestioned honesty and integrity. He never knowingly wronged another; such an action would have been to him a moral and psychological impossibility. He acquired wealth in the midst of peculiar temptations, so that every dollar he made was clean. As to his masterfulness in financial matters, his ample fortune fairly won is the best evidence. Those who knew his business life the best, were they whom we have already seen mourning the loss of "his unsullied life." Any strong, perseverant man may amass a fortune, but it takes a man of more than ordinary virtue to win wealth where and as did Mr. Stewart, without a stain upon the fortune or himself.

All deceit, duplicity, double-dealing and pretense, however, wherever or by whomsoever manifested, was to him abhorrent. I have seen his fine blue eyes grow black as coals, then flash like fire in his just and tremendous denunciation of a discovered duplicity, or treachery, or wrong in one in whom he had confided. He would have scourged his own action as severe-

ly had it been possible for him to have stooped to like meanness and wrong-doing. But I never knew him to denounce the action of another without sufficient cause and ample reasons for so doing. He had a fine sense of justice, but his charity was as keen-eyed in the recognition of the good as was his justice in noting the evil. He was ever as ready to commend the one, as to denounce the other. While he justly withered with condemnation the base and wrong action, he charitably pleaded for and shielded, as far as possible, the actor. Instinctively he fell into the Christ's method of denouncing the sin, yet trying to save the sinner.

Mr. Stewart was a man of very strong and positive convictions. He always had the courage of his convictions. He would define his position, and defend his views in any presence when necessary.

He was a brainy man. He had an original mind. His thoughts, and method of stating them, were unique and entirely his own. Had he been favored with early educational advantages, he could have made his mark along intellectual lines. He was a man of broad and liberal ideas. He would have adorned the office of president or chancellor in any of our colleges or universities. And he would have impressed his strong, original personality upon such institutions, and all who might have come under his hearing and influence. It may well be regretted that the current of such a life had not been turned in this direction.

He was a man of excellent, almost unerring judgement—making him a safe and prized adviser for those who sought his counsel. His conscientiousness was of the highest order.

NOTE.—In a letter to Mr. Kulp, Edmund B. Babb, Esq., of North Vernon, Indiana, writes as follows: "Mr. Stewart was in one respect one of the most remarkable men I ever knew, and that was in his knowledge of men—the highest of all knowledge. Mr. Randall, who died three days later, and whose remains were escorted to Laurel Hill by a congressional committee, had no greater natural gifts than he, and had his line of life been started in the same direction would not have come out behind. They were alike in their fidelity to their friends, in their knowledge of men, and ability to influence and manage them. Your children have a right to be proud of their inheritance from him of something far better than money—of intellectual capacity of a high order."

This superlative conscientiousness, together with his innate modesty, held him back from assuming the responsibility of church membership until near the close of his life. Though he did not come into church membership, through all those years he was a religious man, generously supporting the church and its ministry. Long before he made any public profession of religion, he was a man of prayer. He was in the habit of seeking the divine guidance and blessing upon all the important actions and enterprises of his life before committing himself to them. "He was a disciple, but secretly for fear." Not fear of the world, nor fear of duty and responsibility, but fear of himself, engendered by his too modest estimate of his own religious character and work, and his high ideal of christian life and experience. He was a rare flower, blooming outside the garden walls—a good fruit-bearing tree in the wild-wood. Though like the man of Uz, and Cornelius the Centurian, he stood outside the visible church, no one who knew him could doubt that "his prayers and alms had come up as a memorial before God," and that he, as well as they, was "acceptable to Him." For "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him."

When he did come into the church, his brethren recognized his worth and power. For seven years previously he was a member of the Official Board, a position which he filled with honor and profit to himself and the church until his death. The resolutions adopted by the Official Board of Adams Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church more than sustain these statements.

But it was neither in his public life, nor business life, nor even his church life, that this stalwart man was to be seen and known to perfection.

In his home life alone was this grand man to be truly known, and therefore truly loved. Here it was that he shone the brightest. Many a man is great and genial enough abroad who at home is base and tyrannical—a Dr. Jeckyll in society,

a Mr. Hyde at home. Mr. Stewart was greatest and best at home. Here he was gentle, patient and loving as a mother. Here he was as sparkling as wine, congenial as sunshine—full of *bouhomie*—a genuinely loving man.

The writer and his family count it amongst their purest pleasures and choicest blessings that they were privileged with more than ordinary intimacy in that home, established at Old Forge in the beginning, removed intact to the heart of the city of Scranton sixteen years ago, and now—alas! alas! broken up forever. No, not forever, for surely heaven itself must be made up of such material as that ideal home. Verily it was a segment of Paradise let down upon the earth for a little time to show men what their earthly life might be made, and to give them a foretaste of home-life in Heaven.

The home appointments and equipments were all of that cheery, friendly, welcoming character that compels even the stranger to lose at once his feeling of strangeness, and puts one at ease with himself and all present. Nothing requisite for home comfort and delight was lacking. It was not however in the appointments and furnishings but in the pervading spirit of the home that the charm was found.

Husband and wife, father and mother, son and daughter, were words spoken in that home with infinite tenderness and endearment. The husband had learned the art of devotion to wifehood in his boyhood days at Old Forge, where he bravely took up and carried to successful issue the struggle for his widowed mother. A devoted son could not well prove other than a devoted husband. But nature, not art, made him the model husband. His great, genial, loving heart loved to lavish its wealth of affection upon the dear one who had shared with him the struggles of his earlier days. He was always in love with his wife. He lived for her and their children. Had there been no children to share in his love and care, he could have said with absolute truthfulness with that wife-lover, Francis Jeffrey, where he writes to his brother about his recently deceased wife: "I took no interest in anything which had not

some reference to her. I had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell or to show her on my return; and I have never returned to her after half a day's absence without feeling my heart throb and my eye brighten with all the ardor and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely." Often has Mr. Stewart been heard saying to his wife: "Why, Ma, you know I could not live without you."

And how worthy the wife was of this manly ardor of love and devotion, only those know who knew Mrs. Stewart intimately in her home. She was priestess in that sanctuary. She was queen in the household. Who can ever forget her gentle voice, her mild and loving eyes, her winning smile, her face so full of sweetness and repose, of peace and strength—a perfect benediction—framed in such luxuriance of silvery hair. And who could choose but love her?

She considered her mission to be first of all that of wifehood and motherhood. While she was a quiet, yet earnest and efficient worker in the church, and in the charitable enterprises of her city, being a member of the Adams Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, also of the Ladies' Aid Society, and Women's Foreign Missionary Society of her church, as well as an honorary member of the Home for the Friendless, yet she did not care to live before the world in a great breadth of self-demonstration, filling the public eye, as many of her ambitious sisters of these days. She preferred to remain within the sanctuary of her home, purifying society at its source, strengthening it at its roots, molding motherhood to mold the coming generations. She counted it all joy to give her life to her husband and family. She realized Solomon's ideal of wifehood and motherhood, with its consequent blessedness in her home. It is not too much to say, and the words are written calmly, deliberately and with great joy, that the perfection of wifeliness and motherliness was found in this gentle and superb woman.

Here was a pair that never grew old, never could grow gray in soul; there was a fountain of perpetual youth springing up

in their hearts. They never forgot that they were young. They were as happy and gleesome as children in the midst of home festivities surrounded by their children and grand-children. No more beautiful sight ever filled the eyes of any home-lover than that of this father and mother in their mutual love and devotion, surrounded by their daughters, each with her own home modelled after the typical home in which she was reared and trained, yet seeking refreshing and inspiration in that home as often as they had opportunity. At such times Mr. and Mrs. Stewart might be seen tenderly fondling their daughters as if they were still children at their knees, and evoking responses of affection as beautiful as rare. Such scenes are indelibly etched upon the memories of many who treasure them as choicest pictures from which are daily gathered inspiration and help to highest home-living.

And then the grand-children! Oh, this was the grandchild's paradise. No wonder that more than one of them should swoon into unconsciousness as they stood overwhelmed with grief around the double grave of those they held so dear.

One of the saddest things that ever happened was the sudden desolation of this home which was so blessed a refuge, not only for those who dwelt therein, but for as many as really desired to come within its charmed and sacred circle.

Death stood aloof from this home for many years; as if he could not find it in his relentless heart to mar its love and beauty, or even shadow it with his sombre wing. Nay, death's conqueror would not permit that home to be invaded until he had accomplished his work through it in the world. At last God's work was done, and death hastened on his mission of destruction.

The first fatal shaft was aimed at Sweze M. Stevens, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and husband of Sarah Reed Stewart, that daughter who never left the parental roof until father and mother had departed. He was a man worthy in every way of dwelling in such a sanctuary; by nature designed and by grace fitted for adoption into this family. Between him

and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart the tenderest relation of parents and son existed. He and Mr. Stewart were almost always together, and their mutual affection was beautiful to behold.

Mother Stewart was the next to fall. Not all the tender ministrations employed could stay the progress of that dire disease, typhoid pneumonia. While she still lingered and suffered, her faithful husband lost his hold on life, more from anxiety and nervous prostration, caused by his wife's condition, than from any other cause. He felt that his home was about to lose its soul, and the heart of his life went out. He had often said, "I could not live without my wife," and his words were truer than those who had heard them thought. He could not live without his wife, for she was part and parcel of his life—they twain were one indeed.

His wife lingered, as if waiting for him to accompany her on the last long journey. At last her spirit passed away. They dared not reveal the fact to him; but instinctively he felt that she had gone; and there is nothing more pathetic on record than the questionings of this strong-limbed, stout-hearted man in his feebleness and dying, touching his wife's condition. His questions came with every lucid moment, to which evasive answers must be given. Arising himself from unconsciousness, just before he ceased to breathe, he said to his grief-stricken daughters weeping around him: "Ma—must—be—dead—or you would not be—so sad."

Here was an unconscious revealing of the man. Emerson says: "Human character evermore publishes itself. The most fugitive deed and word, the mere air of doing a thing, the intimated purpose, expresses character. If you act you show character; if you sit still, if you sleep, you show it." How much rather then must character have been revealed in the eager, persistent questionings of this strong, loving spirit, rallying itself in final effort to find out about her whom he could no longer aid, and who was dearer to him than his own life! "Ma must be dead, or you would not look so sad." As if the

dying of such a father were not in itself sufficient cause for sadness and grief unutterable. No thought of himself in that supreme moment! Behold the modesty and unselfishness of this kingly man!

This was in harmony with his life. All along the way by little unobtrusive acts of kindness he unconsciously revealed himself. I can see him yet, as the coolness and dampness of evening gathered, stepping quietly from the veranda into the house and bringing forth wrappings, gently adjusting them about his wife and daughters, to shield them from the possibility of cold. Sharing with them in such attention, on one occasion was one who loved him and his beautiful wife with all the ardor of a daughter, and who feels that her place to-day is with her orphaned sisters in their sorrow.

With rare discrimination, one writes: "The death and burial of these two together is unspeakably sad, but at the same time there is a peculiar fitness in it. They had lived together nearly half a century. The period of their youth, their vigorous prime, their declining days had been spent together, and the true spirit of conjugal felicity had been exemplified in their lives. The presence of each was necessary to the happiness of the other, and after one had passed away the loneliness of the other would have been beyond ordinary conception." I would go farther and say, that it is difficult to imagine the one living without the other. They were so perfectly one that the death of either meant the death of the other, and to think of either surviving the other, to me, is almost an impossibility. It was not only "peculiarly fitting," therefore, but seemingly necessary that they should depart together. As we have seen, they had more than once declared that neither could live without the other; and we cannot but feel that neither would have cared to survive the other had the choice been given them. If that sturdy man, accustomed to making all obstacles yield to his will, had so willed it, could he not have rallied his life forces and yet lived. He laid down his life to be with that one dearer

to him than life. His yearnings were like those of Tennyson towards his bosom friend :

“Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
 Her lavish mission richly wrought,
 Leaving great legacies of thought,
 Thy spirit should fail from off the globe.
 What time mine own might also flee,
 And linked with thine in love and fate,
 And hovering o’er the dolorous strait
 To the other shore, involved in thee.
 Arrive at last the blessed goal,
 And He that died in Holy Land
 Would reach us out the shining hand,
 And take us as a single soul.”

God graciously satisfied their mutual longings, “and took them as a single soul.” To the hereaved ones this thought should carry a special and peculiar comfort.

Death was not yet satisfied with his destructive work. Now that he had begun he must completely obliterate that home from which he had been kept aloof so long.

Mrs. Stevens, who had been very frail ever since the death of her husband, needed but the blow caused by the death of her beloved parents to snap the slender thread by which she clung to life. When they returned who had carried her father and mother to their burial they found her dying. She had just ended her last words of love and admonition with her two bright and beautiful children, Guy and Helen. Soon after she was heard saying: “Father is calling me.” “There is sweet music here.” And the pure and gentle spirit of one of the most loving and lovely of women winged its flight into that other world in quest of father, mother, and husband.

As we turn away in unutterable sadness from this desolate, deserted home, we are forced to cry, though not with the poet’s meaning, in the words :

“Life and thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide:
 Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night.
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merrymaking sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for life and thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us."

But in the sweet words of Mrs. Browning, we still can rejoicingly say:

"All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind."

The surviving daughters with their husbands and families are the following: Mrs. Geo. B. Kulp, husband and family, of Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. Charles B. Scott, husband and family, of Scranton; Mrs. William D. Loomis, husband and family, of Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. Lewis C. Hessler, and husband, of Scranton; and the dear children of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Guy and Helen, more than doubly orphaned, who need and have the tenderest sympathies of all.

While these all in their one great grief are sighing and saying: The voices that charmed and soothed us are silent; the hands that were tenderer than all others, that so gently and unweariedly ministered to us in hours of pain, and yet so firmly upheld us, are cold in the grave; the eyes that so full of love's anxiety marked every step and movement of our youth, and that in after years looked out so eagerly for our coming,

are closed in darkness ; the faces, so full of welcome and benediction, have vanished ; the hearts, that never throbbed but with affection, are still ; our "Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay the sweet lights of our childhood," are gone,—while all this is sighed out again and again, it is to be remembered that the lives of these "Beloveds" remain, and the memory and influence of them may be to us a continuous inspiration from on high.

We must not think of them as dead. The harmony may die when the harp is broken, not so the soul when the body is dissolved. The boat may be wrecked but the boatman has found a sunny, stormless shore. "Why seek ye the living among the dead ?" "The dead are the living. There are none who are dead. There are no 'have beens.' Life is life forever. *To be* is eternal being." "God is not the God of the dead but of the living."

All this is true of them. They live to-day a freer, purer, happier, intenser, grander life than was possible to them here—a life free from uncertainty, difficulty, labor and pain. A life touching ours more closely and frequently than perhaps we think. Carlyle said of his noble old father after his death : "Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. If it so please God we shall, in some higher state of being, meet one another, recognize one another. 'The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be, even now is.' " So may we think of our "Beloveds," who are not dead, but who have passed to that other land which must be very near, very fair, very full, because of all it has received from this.

"It must be very near; that other land,
Upon whose very edge we stand,
And they pass in at some command
We hear not, but their quick ears understand.

It must be very fair; that other shore,
To win from what they held so dear,
From us who fain would hold them here,
Our best; to leave us and come back no more.

It must be very full; that other world,
Into whose calm and sheltered ports,
Ships rich with freight of various sorts,
Sail in from stormy seas with sails all furled.
Ye make it nearer, O, beloved friends,
Whose very dearness draws our hearts,
To build across the gulf that parts,
Some bridge, to pass to where the parting ends.
Ye make it fairer, as your presence here,
Made this world fair; so Paradise
Gains added beauty to our eyes,
That strain to see you, blind with many a tear.
Ye make it fuller—God has willed it so.
Ye are our treasures storied there;
And He, Himself, hath said it—"Where
The treasure is, the heart" will surely go.
Nearer and fuller and more fair to me,
Dear land, calm shore, fair world thou art;
Let thy sweet chain draw us apart
From earth and time and sin, to dwell in thee.
And they, our friends, the last to enter in,
With whom we took sweet counsel here,
Tender and true without a peer,
Wise, fearless, faithful, gone their crowns to win.
Grant them, dear Lord, this added sense of peace,
That life's long loneliness finds rest,
In thought of them among the blest,
And hope of meeting them when sorrows cease."

Denver, Colorado.

Funeral Obsequies held at the First M. E. Church, Scranton, Pa., on the 12th day of April, 1890, at 12 M., in memory of the late John Stewart and Elizabeth A. Stewart.

The pall bearers were: William Connell, C. F. Mattes, R. W. Luce, J. C. Highfield, George S. Horn, Lewis Pughe, Charles Penman, S. T. Jones, J. U. Reed, C. W. Kirkpatrick, J. L. Lawrence, B. S. Richards, S. G. Kerr, Richard Hiorns, of Scranton; William P. Miner, of Miners' Mills, and Calvin Parsons, of Parsons. The cortege started from the house at 11:45 A. M., and arrived at the church promptly at 12 M., the hour fixed. The coffins were arranged in front of the pulpit, where a number of beautiful floral offerings had been effectively placed. The services were opened by the singing of the 979th hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep," by a Quartette consisting of Mrs. D. W. Swan, Mrs. W. C. Keiser, Mr. J. T. Watkins and Mr. L. J. Siebecker. The 90th Psalm was read by Rev. I. N. Shipman, of Sherburne, N. Y. Rev. R. W. Van-Schoick, D. D., Presiding Elder of the Wyoming District, led in prayer as follows:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Our times are in Thy hands; in Thee we live and move and have our being. Whether we live or whether we die, we are Thine. We thank Thee for the assurances of Thy word, the blessed revelation which teaches us that we are ever with Thee. Whether waking or sleeping, we are with Thee. We thank Thee that when our dear ones fall by our side, we know that they are not separated from Thee, and we know that they are not separated from us; we are still one family, above, beneath. We praise Thee for the revelations of Thy word; that life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel, and that Thou dost care for all those who are created in Thy image; that we cannot stray beyond the Father's sight. We praise Thee this day as we come together under circumstances

so full of sadness, that there is such a bright light in the clouds ; that there is so much to assure and comfort our hearts at this time, when otherwise without the light of Thy word, the revelation of Thy truth, everything would seem so dark and unexplainable. We ask Thee that Thou wilt accept our gratitude for the faith Thou hast given us that our dear ones who are taken from us are with Thee. We thank thee for their long years of usefulness. We praise Thee, O ! God, that the memory of their lives is so precious unto us, and though their forms are now silent, sleeping the sleep of death, yet we praise Thee that they were so beautiful and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided. We praise Thee for what they were to their household, for what they were to the church, for what they were to the communities in which they lived. We thank Thee for their active lives ; we thank Thee for their blessed influence ; we thank Thee that there are such hallowed associations connected with their lives and with their death. We pray now that we may have a proper view of Thy dealings with us. We pray that we may be lifted from this present into the realm of faith, where we shall understand that Thou art speaking to us and saying : "What I do thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter." We pray, Lord, that Thou wilt come very near to this stricken household, to those stricken ones who are so disconsolate. We pray Thee that these dear children may be able to believe with the Psalmist, that when father and mother are taken from them, then the Lord will be with them. Lord, come near to all this circle of relatives, and we ask Thee that the sweet memories of the past, and the blessed prospects of the future may be a source of comfort and consolation to them. We ask Thee that Thy blessing may be upon the church which is so sorely stricken in this bereavement. God, in mercy sanctify this bereavement to the good of this large church and congregation, and we ask Thee that the good deeds of this brother and sister, their blessed influence, may be a sweet and blessed legacy which the members of this church will cherish with

love and sacredness. And we ask Thee as one after another of those who are standard bearers, those who occupy prominent positions in the church, as they are falling in the ranks, may there arise others who will take their places, and thus may the blessed work of God go on. We ask Thee that Thy blessing may rest upon those who are here representing the Poor Board, of which our brother was such an active member. Help them to administer their trusts with the same fidelity which characterized him in this work, so that they at last may hear the Master say: "Inasmuch as ye have done this unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We ask Thee that Thou wilt so direct us in this service, and in all our future, that when our work on earth is ended we may greet these dear ones, and other loved ones who have preceded them and us; and, without the loss of a single one may we stand spotless and blameless in Thy presence, and hear Thee saying unto us: "Well done good and faithful servants." Now, we ask Thee to direct in everything done here this afternoon, every word spoken, and may Thy richest benediction be upon the pastor, upon the church, upon the entire community, and may God's blessing come upon the world, and Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven, we ask for Christ's sake. Amen.

After Scriptural Reading from 1 Cor., 15th Chap., beginning at the 41st verse, by the pastor, Rev. C. C. McLean, A. M., the Quartette sang the 654th hymn, commencing with "My Jesus as Thou Wilt."

Rev. C. C. McLean, A. M., then delivered the following address:

I have felt that I should follow, in my remarks, Brothers Parke, LaBar and Eckman, but they seem to wish me to precede them. Can I, with my own heart so full of sorrow, comfort you who are grieving to-day? This is a duty that falls to those called of God, to go about as Jesus did, "to weep with those who weep, and to rejoice with those who rejoice."

One would think, coming here as a stranger, not having been pastor of this church many months, it would be impossible for me to form an attachment that would be so hard to sever. There are those present to-day who know what it is to part with friends, who do not believe that a word of kindness will make you vain, but with hand upon you, with heart beating kindly for you, and with words of tenderest sympathy, speak the encouraging word that has been helpful and inspiring in a time of need. Such were these to me, so I am called upon to-day, with the rest of you, to mourn their loss.

At such a time as this I find my judgment at war with my affections. My feelings prompt me to sit mute and keep silent over our bereavement, and yet my judgment says there must be words spoken; something must be said to turn our thoughts from this unutterable grief, that we may, perchance, see the silver lining of this dark cloud, having from the sun of righteousness one ray of cheering hope. We see but the earthly side which is all shadow and darkness—the other side, the heavenly, is all glory and brightness. No relief can be found in any attempt to explain this mystery; it cannot be explained. Consolation comes to us, the comfort, through an implicit faith in Him, who, by discipline, teaches us “that all things work together for good to them that love God.” It seems impossible to believe that sorrow worketh together for good. We see how the joys of life, the comforts that are ours, and the many divine benedictions should work together for good; but oh, to stand by a loved one departed, and to look up and say: “I believe that in Thy providence even this is to work together for my good,” requires a simplicity of faith and a perfect resignation to the will of God. But our beloved brother and sister, your dear father and mother, are not dead. Hear the word spoken by the blessed Christ, “Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.” They have only left us for their home. Christ, the great architect and builder, has been preparing their mansion. He said: “I go to prepare a place for you.” And so to that mansion, eternal in the heavens, the everlasting

home, these loved ones have gone. They were prepared for the journey; were only waiting for the summons and the divine escort thither. They are not dead. No, "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Their lives have been so interwoven as to become one of unselfish labor for Christ, for the church and for their family. Their lives have been a benediction. Brother Stewart might have been called brusque in nature, yet he was of a very loving and tender spirit. As a citizen he was highly respected; the people had unbounded confidence in him, and he was recognized as a man of sterling worth and integrity. His was a positive character, who, while he seldom erred in judgment, was always ready to respect the opinions of others. Those who have been associated with him in church and public affairs speak very highly in his remembrance. For over twenty years, here and elsewhere, he has been connected with the Poor Board, and for four years as president of the same; a position that is calculated to call forth the sternness and sympathy of one's nature. He was a reader of character; quick to perceive, ready to reprimand or to sympathize, as the case required. Many are the illustrations given, many are the facts that have been stated, many are the living testimonials that could be presented, but I will mention only a few of them.

Upon one occasion there appeared before the board a man who declared it was impossible for him to meet his taxes due, and asking for work. Brother Stewart, quick to perceive, said, "You are among your friends, open your heart to us." There came the quiver of the lip, the tear in the eye, the man broke down before them, and as usual, Brother Stewart's ready sympathy prompted the willing hand of help.

Possibly his last act in that board, if I am correctly informed, was when a woman came and asked for relief, and he, believing that her story, as stated, was true, accompanied her to her home of poverty; there seeing how great was her need, said (at the same time handing her money), "Come to the board meeting next Friday." Brother Stewart himself was not able

to be there. She told the story, or it would not have been known.

Another illustration: One obliged to secure a livelihood by book-canvassing, approached him at his home during his last illness, before he was too sick to see any one. Not wanting the book, he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, and handed it, saying, "That will be as much as there is profit in your book; I wish you success."

Those of you who have been associated with him in the Church Board know of his works. I would that we could have the recital here to-day that was given at the board meeting when the resolutions were prepared. Oh, how we shall miss him from the Church! A friend always ready, not only to counsel, but eager to see the cause of God advanced.

A beautiful home-life. I am thankful that I had the privilege of being in that home; beautiful, most truly, in its inner life; beautiful in the characters living there; beautiful in the little attentions and manifestations of love. Ah, was there brusqueness of manner sometimes when you approached Brother Stewart? You might have noticed it in the worry of the business world, but never in the home circle; there, as gentle as a child, led by the hand of one of the littlest ones who would look up into his face in loving confidence, always to receive a blessing. How tenderly anxious was he for all of the home circle; loving all, almost idolizing them, only happy it seemed when all were about him.

I have gone into that home, and he has not been satisfied with our sitting in the room together, the family had to be called in, so that all could enjoy the visit. What a loving regard he had for his friends; when he was your friend, *he was your friend*. It was of little consequence to him what it cost to be your friend; he never considered that. A wonderful man in faith was he; as he said, there was not a business transaction that he did not first take to God, and in earnest prayer asked to be directed, and often said, "I believed that I would be shown the way because I had faith in God."

Then like it, and yet unlike it, was that beautiful spirit that walked with him for years, Mrs. Stewart. Sweet faced, pure in heart, gentle in spirit, kind, loving, good ; faithful and affectionate as a wife, a mother and a friend ; unpretentious even in her profession of Christianity, and yet so spiritually minded, well versed and well read in holy things. Her private conversations, that I shall never forget, indicated to me that she was one of the purest women that ever lived. She was a Bible Christian. Even when engaged in her home duties, or while sitting in her room, by her side would be the Word of God, and occasionally she would throw aside her task to read the Book of Books, and then go on with her work again.

It is impossible for me to utter a word of consolation to the bereaved that they have not already had from the lips and lives of the dear departed. We have to-day all the comfort of knowing that there have been given up to God two of the noblest and most faithful parents, grand-parents, brother, sister, friends, that have ever gone from this world into the eternal home ; and there is comfort also when we think of the goodness of the Lord to the dear lives that were with us, remembering the love of God and the Christian fortitude that sustained them throughout their course, calling to mind that they really accomplished all the ends of life before they were taken.

There are two scenes transpiring upon this occasion : One is that of gloom ; it is here, as we stand before the caskets and the forms that have been hushed. Over there is the scene of rapture and of triumph ; the beautiful souls have emerged, and are in the presence of their God. These who were wedded have never been separated, no, not even in death ; they have never known the pang of saying farewell, but hand in hand they have journeyed nearly forty-eight years as husband and wife, and hand in hand they have entered the portals that they might live together forever with God.

Oh, those last words of Sister Stewart : "Tell them all good

night for me," and closed her eyes never again to open them in this world.

"'Good night'; now cometh gentle sleep,
And dreams that fall like gentle rain;
Good night! Oh, holy, blessed and deep
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper Light
If life's long day had no 'Good night.'"

Mrs. Stewart spoke the first "Good morning," for was it not so that the beautiful smile that came and played upon his countenance indicated that he had seen her face and heard her greeting? So I believe. Tell me not that we cannot recognize our loved ones in Heaven! What! In that world where every faculty shall be quickened, and where we are "to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob," whom we knew not, are we not to know those with whom we have been acquainted and those whom we have loved? Are we to be less knowing in heaven than we have been on earth? Oh! what a blessed thought! How great, and yet how beautiful is our sorrow. I believe the time will come when every one of us, including these dear ones bereaved, will thank God that "Father and Mother" were not separated, even in death. I believe that time will be, when, looking backward, you will kiss what seemed the rod that smote you, and thank God that together they lived, together they passed away, and together they entered upon the life beyond.

Let me give you a few lines that I think are so appropriate:

"He folded their hands together;
He touched their eyes with balm;
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

"Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give *her* lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished spring time
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

"One draught from the living waters
Shall call back *his* manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall number
The love that outlived time.

"But the forms they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angels had printed there,

"We'll hide away 'neath the willows,
When the sun is low in the west,
Where the noon heats shall not find them,
Nor the sounds disturb their rest."

Let us, then, submitting ourselves to God's will, wait for the time when we are to meet them face to face, on that morning when our corruptible bodies "shall be changed and made like unto His own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." *Amen and Amen.*

Remarks of Rev. N. G. Parke, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Pittston, Pa.

There must be a limit to the time of these services, as I understand it is expected that our deceased friends are to be carried on the railroad to their resting place, so I shall occupy but a few moments in speaking to you.

The circumstances that call us together to-day are calculated to impress our hearts with our mortality. These coffins that lie before us speak more eloquently and impressively on this theme than any of the ministers in this pulpit can speak. It seems to me as though silence were golden here to-day. You have come here not to listen to the voice of man, but to the silent voice of God. Let these sleeping friends, voicing God's message to us, speak to our hearts. The wings of the angel of death cast a shadow. If we do not see it we feel it; we feel it to-day, we feel it in this presence, and as we pass under it we hear a voice from out of the darkness which says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And we hear God's answer to the question, "What is your life?" "It is a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." The God of Nature and the God of Providence, and the God who speaks to us in this Bible is the same God,

creator of the heavens and the earth; the God in whom we live and move and have our being; the God who orders all things according to the counsel of his will; and there is harmony in all the lessons of God's providences and of God's word. Apparent want of harmony in the revelations of God are the result of ignorance on our part. It is not possible that the lessons which come to us from the God of Nature, and the God of Providence, and the God who speaks in the Bible should in any way conflict. Their revelations surely speak one voice in answer to the question, "What is your life?" "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Generation after generation for thousands of years have passed away, following each other as the waves of the ocean follow each other. No strange thing, therefore, has happened to these friends who sleep here. They were dust and they have but returned to dust. And what has happened to them will happen to you. It will happen to me. This is not our home. This is the lesson that comes from these coffins to-day. There is blessedness in our earthly relations. I never look upon a mourning family, as I look upon this family to-day, without being impressed by it. There is blessedness in the relation of husband and wife, and brother and sister, and parent and child. These are the present fountains of earthly blessedness, and I have no doubt that these mourning friends to-day realize it. These fountains of blessedness are drying up, and so are all the fountains that sweeten our lives in this world, and if we have nothing beyond these we are poor. There is a grave opening in the pathway of every one of us, for which our homes, however beautiful and restful and dear to us they may be, must be exchanged. This is the lesson that God would impress upon our hearts to-day. We have no country or city here; we seek one to come whose maker and builder is God.

Now, allow me to say just a word or two in regard to these friends whom we bury to-day. Job says there was a time when the Almighty was with him, and that time was when his children were about him: "When the Almighty was with me, and

my children were about me." It was my privilege to be intimately associated with these friends, in their youth, when their children were about them. I was their neighbor and their friend, living within a stone's throw of them when their children were in their mother's arms. These sorrowing daughters who are here to-day were sleeping in their trundle beds and in the cradle, climbing on their father's knee, putting their arms around his neck, "when the Almighty was with him." And it was my privilege to know these friends during that joyous springtime of their lives. We have been separated for some years, still we have been friends, and as such I have always been cordially greeted by them. They are our friends still, though we shall meet them on earth no more. Mr. Stewart was one of the active, stirring, industrious, enterprising men of the valley; he had been so for forty years and more. I knew him in that way. I knew him before he confessed the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the son of a christian mother, who was associated with the church with which I am connected. She trained him by precept and by example, and her labor was not in vain. But the thing that drew me towards Mr. Stewart specially was his domestic character. He always loved his home; he loved his wife, he loved his children, and when he was not occupied with his business he was to be found in his home. I am very happy to hear what I have heard to-day with reference to Mr. Stewart from his pastor. I knew Mrs. Stewart better than I knew her husband. Ministers somehow come to know the wives and mothers. They meet them more frequently in their homes. I have just a word to say about Mrs. Stewart. She was a kind, gentle, unassuming, faithful christian woman, wife and mother. Her influence was the very best type of christian influence. She has done her work, and she did it very largely in her home. I have no doubt she will be missed by her friends outside of her home; she will be missed by this church, and judging from what we have heard here to-day, she will be very greatly missed in almost every department of christian work in Scranton, but she will be missed the most

by these dear children whom she loved, and for whom, in an eminent sense, she lived. This one thought I wish to emphasize before the mothers I see before me to-day. The work that you do in your quiet homes may be overlooked, it may not be taken much account of in the annals of the world's history, but God knows it. The most blessed work that is done by the church represented here to-day is not the work of the ministers in the pulpit; it is the work of the mothers in the nursery, "when the Almighty is with them and their children about them." In the material world, as you know, all potent forces are quiet forces. The sunlight, the showers, the frost, these, I was going to say Almighty forces, make very little noise in the world, but they are the forces that give life to the material world. And it is just so with the social and religious world. The power that gives strength and success and glory to the Church of God is the quiet power that comes from faithful, self-denying mothers consecrated to God, and that falls upon the hearts of the children as the sunlight falls upon the earth, and as the quiet dew distils upon the grass. I cannot stop to speak words of comfort to these friends now; I cannot comfort them; there is nothing in God's Word that would comfort them, that is, that will heal their wounds. They are bereaved. God in his providence has taken, for the time being, life and joy out of their home, but we recognize the fact that He knows best; and, dear children, as the disciples of John, when they had buried him, went and told Jesus, so in your bereavement and in your sorrow, go and tell Him and He will give you what the world can never give nor take away. Thank God what these dear loved ones who sleep here to-day have been to you. They have done their work; it will abide in you. The work of that father and mother will abide with you forever and forever.

Remarks of Rev. John LaBar, of Wyoming, Pa.

My long acquaintance with this stricken family has so strongly attached me to them that I felt, when I came into this

church, more like weeping than anything else. And yet, though I feel that this is a sad day to this home, and although they may feel that the lights have all gone out, yet our christian religion tells us that there are always lights along the shore that never grow dim. Christ said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And you remember what Christ said to Martha when they were going to the grave of their brother, "Thy brother shall live again." And do you remember what the Apostle Paul said with reference to himself, when he was full of divine light and divine life, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." Do you remember what John saw when he was upon the Isle of Patmos; he saw a vision of heaven and all the bright ones that were there; and he said that the Spirit said to him, they should hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither should the sun light on them, nor any heat, but the Lamb that was in the midst of the throne should lead them to living fountains of water, and God should wipe away all tears from their eyes. God has done that with your dear parents; every tear has been wiped away; they drink from the living, inexhaustible fountain. They are in the land where the sun never sets, for they need not the light of the sun, but the Lord God giveth them light. Oh! how this comforts the stricken hearts when they exercise a living faith in their divine Father, and in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I want to say a little about this home. I have been acquainted with Brother and Sister Stewart for more than fifty years, and I remember them when quite a boy before I was married, and I have been in this home in later years more frequently, and became very familiar with the family, and I must say I was never in a more loving, kinder home among its members in all my life. There was nothing but friendship there; there was nothing but love exhibited in their conduct one towards another. I never heard an unkind expression nor saw an unkind look upon the countenance of children or parents.

Oh! what a precious souvenir that is for these children, these sons-in-law, these grandchildren, to lay away in their hearts, always sunshine in that home. God has seen fit to afflict you, but he knows best, and he will bring good out of this to you if you will submit the whole thing to his divine will and purpose, and divine providence. I believe you will; I feel in my heart you will. You have drank from the stream from which they drank on this shore; you expect to drink out of the fountain from which they are drinking now, and I believe that whatever God may do to the family further, you will submit to the divine will. When I heard of the death of Sister Stewart I said to my wife, Brother Stewart will follow her in a few days, and I got that idea from the strong attachment which existed between them, the strong bond of sympathy and love that united them in one common destiny and one common interest. I knew Brother Stewart would be broken down, as he was broken down when his son-in-law was carried to the grave. I say, dear friends, may God bless you! May God sustain you! Oh! keep near to the cross on which our Jesus died; put your hand in his; let him lead you and guide you. There is living water to be drank here, and living water to be drank hereafter. And may God bless this entire congregation. These men that are getting along in life ought to take warning to-day. It is only a step between us and death. Who knows but God will permit some husband and wife to go together. It seems to me that it is pleasant thus to go. If we could look over yonder now and see Brother and Sister Stewart on that golden strand, or in the celestial city, as they move among the saints of all ages and amidst the throng of angels, and ask them if they would come back to this earth and spend their lives over again, the response would be, No, we are satisfied with the home our Father has given us. May God preserve and keep you all unto everlasting life.

Remarks of Rev. J. G. Eckman, of Kingston, Pa.

We are overwhelmed with this mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence. It is as if some great storm had come through the forest and broken before it the stately oak and the beautiful trees that threw shadows of comfort along the weary way. We cannot speak with any degree of comfort or consolation to our friends in trying to magnify lives like these. They have spread across more than half a century of activity; they have seen the growth of a great country, of the nations of the world, the progress of a great civilization and the advancement of our commercial interests; the uprising of a city in their midst, and of towns all about them. Such lives are too grand and too comprehensive for us to try to explain. Our dear friend, Brother Stewart, was a man of affairs; he was a public man and known all through this region of country. A man with a presence that impressed those who were about him and startled them with his earnest manner and active life. It is a great consolation, that with the tenderness of a child, he reposed his trust in the Saviour of the world, and came into the church even at a good age, not having forgotten his early instructions. He was a regular attendant upon the preaching of the gospel, and the truth was operating in his thoughts, in his meditations, until it developed into active faith and a simplicity of trust in Christ. His companion, the tender, sympathizing christian wife and mother. What language can tell the interest she manifested in all about her? I was honored by being their pastor for three years, and it is a pleasure to remember the kind deeds and the liberal spirit of benevolent giving of that mother, and the tender interest she manifested in the suffering and the destitute. It was very befitting that this man should be connected with a society for helping the unfortunate in this world, since both he and his companion were so tender in their feelings toward all suffering humanity. They were of one heart; they were so entwined in their affections, in their sympathies, in their aims as to be like that wreath of flowers so beautifully knit together. These bright lillies, these fra-

grant flowers are but faint types of the lives which they lived together in a living unity and joy about their christian home. In ancient times a broken column represented the death of greatness, and we see it now in the cemeteries a symbol of death. But let me tell you that in the bright revelations of the gospel of Christ, these broken columns are reconstructed, they come forth in their grandeur in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the body, and in the reunion of the glorified in heaven. I direct you to the God they loved, to the Saviour that comforted them, and I am sure that while you peer through the dark cloud that seems to hang so watery and portentuous, you can look beyond it, you can see the brightness flashing out from the eternal world, beautiful and rich in its reflection of the home of the saved. They have left you an inheritance of love, a tenderness and devotion that will be to you a rich legacy, which will bring joy in the midst of your sorrow. All of us will remember this hospitable home. Hospitality was the enrichment of this christian home. It was difficult for a minister or any other friend to get away from this home without partaking of their hospitality; it was large, it was genuine, it was loving. May God bless this family and these friends! May they be spared other great sorrows, and by and by we shall meet where sorrows do not come.

Prayer by Rev. Richard Hiorns, of Scranton, Pa.

Our Heavenly Father, we sit under the shadow of a great sorrow to-day. We feel that our life is only in Thee, and so we ask Thee that Thou wouldst give to each one of us just the life and strength and grace which Thou seest we need. We thank Thee for the precious example of those whom Thou hast taken, for all that was good in them. We thank Thee that it was our privilege to be with our dear brother during his sickness, and to know from him that he was sweetly trusting in Jesus. We thank Thee that he and his dear wife are united now in that kingdom of glory. And we ask that Thou wilt be with us and bless us here to-day. We have heard

that in great bereavements the windows of heaven are open; then they must be wide open to-day. And we pray Thee, our Father, to shower down upon us those blessings which Thou seest we need just at this moment. Bless us as a church. May we each be more devoted to Thee and to Thy service. Bless these dear ones from whom Thou hast taken their parents and grandparents. Help them to put all their trust and confidence in Thee, and help each one so to live that when Thou shalt call them away they may meet these dear parents in Thine upper and better kingdom. We ask thy blessing upon the sick. Oh! Father, if it be thy will, grant that our dear sister may be spared to her children and family, and in this we would endeavor to say from the heart, Thy will be done. Guide us, we pray Thee, in all the troubles of life, and when it is ours to die, bring us to that rest which remains to Thy children, where we shall meet the loved ones who have gone before, and go no more out forever. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Quartette rendered "The Christian's Good-Night," which concluded the services at the church. The remains were taken to Wilkes-Barre where they were interred in Hollenback Cemetery.

Memorial Services, held at the Adams Avenue M. E. Church, Wednesday Evening, April 16, 1890, in Memory of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart.

Remarks of Rev. C. C. McLean, the Pastor.

I will read a few verses from the 14th chapter of Revelations: "And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads." (These were those who had been saved from a formal Judaism to a living Christianity, and who were the first fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as preached by him, and by his ministers to the Jewish people. These were standing with Christ, the Lamb of God.) "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth." (As it is necessary for one to worship God "in spirit and in truth" to be a *true* worshiper, so those who sing the new song have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, having come out of their many troubles, tribulations, sorrows and bereavements, to sing the song of redemption.) "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God." (No matter how many may be our faults on earth, when redeemed and before the throne of God we are without fault.)

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for

the hour of his judgment is come : and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle and reap : for the time is come for thee to reap ; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

It has seemed to me that in the past few weeks we have been especially called upon to prepare ourselves, as a church, for heaven. God has spoken to us in words we *cannot* misunderstand; even to us individually, saying, "Be ye also ready, for in the hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

In January and February I was called upon to speak at the funerals of three of our members—Mrs. Geo. H. Stevenson, Mrs. Wm. Martin, and Mrs. B. S. Nicbell. Little did we think that *so soon* another service should call us together to mourn the loss of more of our numbers. God has seen fit to afflict still more heavily; so last Saturday we carried from this church all that was mortal of our dear brother and sister Stewart, only to return to the house to find that their daughter, Mrs. Stevens, was passing away. The Monday, after the first Sunday, of Mrs. Stewart's sickness, I called at the house and had a conversation with Brother Stewart. He spoke most tenderly of his wife, of her life, and of the influence of that life upon him, and then called my attention to sermons that I had preached that had been so helpful to him. He said, further, that he knew that he was living nearer to God. He had no thought at the time when he thus conversed with me that he should so soon be called away. Again calling and finding him very sick, he expressed himself in a manner that deeply affected me, declaring that if his wife did not recover, he did not

wish to live. He said that he knew his wife was prepared, and that if God called him he was ready. Most touching, also, were the words of Mrs. Stevens. She had talked with her son, had satisfied him that she knew that she was to pass away, and had made every preparation, and then said, "Father is calling, he wants me." I have also learned since that she called the attention of those in the room to the music she heard. One asked, "Are you not mistaken?" and she said, "No, I am not mistaken; sweet music." These words bring cheer and consolation to those bereaved.

Dear friends, we know not how soon God's Angel shall come to call us. Then it will be not what any one *can say* of us, but what *God knows* of us, that will enable us to stand or cause us to fall before Him.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are members of the church, are you living so that this life is a joy to you, proving that the religion of Jesus Christ furnishes just what you need to make you happy and prepared; that when the time comes you will simply rest in Him who hath said that he will come and receive you unto himself; that where he is there ye may be also? I must not occupy any more time to-night. I want others to speak. First, I desire Brother Hiorns to say a word. He also has been at the bedside of Brother Stewart, and has expressions from him that are not only a comfort to us, and to the family, but which I believe you will be glad to hear.

Remarks of Rev. Richard Hiorns.

It was my privilege, dear friends, to sit by the bedside of our dear brother on Monday and Tuesday when he was first taken sick. I was with him about an hour and a half on Monday afternoon, and while I do not remember anything particular said at that time, yet I feel in my heart, from the conversation which we held, that Brother Stewart was perfectly safe, trusting in Jesus. The next morning I went in; he said when I left on Monday afternoon, "Come in to-morrow, and come early." I went in on Tuesday morning and went up

stairs into his room. He was asleep; I sat down in a chair, and I presume I sat there from twenty minutes to half an hour, and he was sleeping peacefully, but he began to rouse a little without opening his eyes, and for a few minutes he lay with his eyes closed praying audibly. He did not know there was anyone there. After a little he opened his eyes and smiled and said, "O! you here! I did not know you were here." I said, "Yes, I promised to come again, and I have come." "Well, I am glad to see you," he said. I asked him how he was and was asked if I knew how Ma was, and I told him what the family had told me about her, and he said, "Oh! I am afraid I shall lose my dear wife, and if I do I shall go myself, for I cannot live without her." I said, "O! Brother Stewart, we hope for the best, we hope that God will raise her up, and that you will both be spared to us for a long time." After a little Mrs. Hessler came into the room, and he took her hand and said, "Well, darling, how is Ma?" "Well, Pa," she said, "Ma is not any better, she is having a fainting spell just now." At that he was very much troubled. He began groaning, and I said, "Brother Stewart, shall we pray?" "O! yes," he said, "do, do pray, and pray that if it is God's will he will raise Ma up." So we prayed and he joined with me in prayer. After I was through praying he sat and talked a little while, and then he prayed. Then he looked around to me, and he says, "Well, it is strange about this, nobody ever came back from the other side to tell us anything about it, did they?" I said, "Yes, Brother Stewart, our blessed Lord came back from the grave, and while he did not tell us anything about the grave, he did tell us about what there is beyond." "That is so," he said, "that is so, and it is all the brighter, isn't it." So we sat there and talked for some little time. By and by another of his daughters, Mrs Kulp, came in, and looking at her he said, "Mary, Ma is worse, I know she is worse." And she said, "Yes, Pa, Ma is worse." And he said, "I must go and see her." I said, "Brother Stewart, don't try to go just now, it would only agitate you and her both, it would not do either

of you any good just now ; wait until she gets a little better," and I said, "Suppose we pray again." "Yes," he said, "do." And so we prayed. Then we had another talk together, and he told me, and I knew it before, but he told me that he was sweetly trusting in Jesus. He said, "He is my only hope, all my trust is in Him." I sat with him pretty nearly three hours that day, and at intervals our conversation was of this kind. When I left him he said, "Now, do come again soon," but I was not permitted to see him again. His physicians did not think it was best. But I know I shall meet our dear brother and sister before the throne of God. Thank God, His people die well. This hope which was his is ours to-night. I hope there is not a soul in this room but has this hope, that has Jesus for his friend, and when we come to face death as he faced it we shall realize, every one of us, that Jesus Christ is our only hope. If all our trust is in Him, then we shall not be disappointed.

Further Remarks of the Pastor, Rev. C. C. McLean.

I looked over the records to-day and I find that Sister Stewart joined this church, by letter, under Brother I. T. Walker, November 22, 1874. She, however, was converted when she was about fifteen years of age, always living an exemplary christian life. Her father and mother were Methodists, and among the very first in this valley, so I am informed. Her father was the principal mover and helper in the erection of the Plains church. Brother Stewart joined this church under Dr. J. E. Price, February 6, 1887. He was converted at that time, joined as a probationer, and was afterwards received into full membership. There are many in this large congregation who knew them, they have lived among you, have worshipped with you, and no doubt there is some word of love and respect that you would like to say.

Remarks of Rev. John Davy.

Perhaps Brother Davy knows as much about the workings of the Spirit of God on Brother Stewart's mind as any one in

this meeting. Prior to Mr. Stewart joining the church on probation, Brother Price and I were traveling up Spruce street together, going calling from house to house, and Brother Stewart was riding up the road in his carriage, Mr. Stevens being with him. He beckoned to me to come over to him; I went over and he said, "Brother Davy, I want you to go up to my house and take dinner with me." "All right, Brother Stewart," said I. Mr. Stevens got out of the carriage and I got in, went up and took dinner, and after dinner we commenced talking about religion, and what God was doing in the Adams Avenue Church, the great revival that was then going on, when such multitudes were coming to Christ. And after some conversation upon the subject of religion, I proposed prayer, and in my prayer I told the Lord what I suppose the Lord knew all about before, what a kind hearted woman Brother Stewart had for a wife, how she yearned for his salvation, how anxious she was that he might become a christian, how often she had prayed for him, and other matters that I thought would be touching to the man's heart, and when we got up from our knees the tears were streaming down Brother Stewart's face. I believe the man was under conviction then, but after he experienced religion I had several conversations with him, all of which went to convince me that he had really met with a change of heart, passed from death unto life, from death in sin to a new birth in righteousness. Now he has passed away, gone home to heaven, where I believe Sister Stevens and Brother and Sister Stewart are mingling with and form a part of the blood-washed throng around the throne of God.

Remarks of Samuel W. Edgar, Esq.

I desire to speak of Brother Stewart from the standpoint of a citizen. Our ministerial brethren have done all the speaking, and they have done well. It was my privilege to be associated with Brother Stewart in public matters as well as in social life in the community. He had many elements in his

character of the highest order. Two have come prominently into my mind to night; one was his kindness from which emanated sympathy, and only from a kind heart can sympathy come. We have heard much about his beautiful home-life, and true it was. Probably the half has never been told, or never will be. I was his neighbor for some eight years; we visited back and forth very many times informally. It was my privilege to call at his home very often, and there too, it was my privilege to see his home-life beautifully manifested. Never in all my life have I been privileged to see such kindness exhibited which he showed to his family and to those who entered his threshold. It seemed as if he could not do enough to make you comfortable and happy. Another element in his character was his faith, his faith in God. Prior to his open religious confession he and I had a number of talks upon the subject of religion. I remember that in two of these conversations he told me that he thought he had as much faith in God as any professing christian, and he did this not in a boasting manner at all, for as we all knew Brother Stewart, he was an unassuming, unpretentious man. He said he never entered into any business transaction, and had not for a great number of years, but what he went to God in prayer with it, and knew that God heard him. I thought when he was telling me that, that here truly is a lesson for christians. Do we go to God with everything in prayer? He exhibited this wonderful faith to me a great many times in our conversations, not only before his profession of religion, but after. His sympathy we have heard something about. I have been an eye witness to expressions of sympathy on the part of Brother Stewart, being connected with him in official relations. How many times have I seen those who have been called before him, the unfortunate poor people of our city, how many times have I seen him exhibit that deep interest in them, and when they told their tale of sorrow and sadness before him, I have seen his lip quiver and the tear trickle down his cheek, and for fear lest they might not get immediate relief from the

public fund, his hand would go in his pocket and hand out something to them that they might have immediate help. There was another beautiful feature of his character that now comes to me, and that was his affection for his mother. It seems his father died when he was quite young, and he lived with his mother until he became a married man, and then his mother lived with him. And while I never knew his mother, yet how often have I heard him speak of her, how dearly he loved her, how tenderly he cared for her, and wished that she might live forever, as he expressed it. He was a truly grand man, an affectionate man, a hospitable man, and I believe a man of deep piety as well as a man of wonderful affection.

It has been my privilege to have had many conversations with Sister Stewart, and while she was an unassuming, unpretentious, quiet christian, yet she was a woman of wonderful piety. Many conversations I have had with her on the subject of religion, and in most every conversation she astonished me with her knowledge of religious matters. She was thoroughly conversant with the subject of holiness, something that perhaps many of us christians are ignorant of, yet she seemed to thoroughly understand the doctrine. The religious literature that she read was of the highest order. I well remember Mrs. Stevens when I was at the head of the Sabbath School, what a faithful Sabbath School teacher she was. You could always count upon her as being in her place; she came regularly through the sunshine and through the rain to care for those who were under her charge she was a faithful, pious teacher to those who were under her care. I remember very well when she told me she would have to give up her class, how reluctantly she did it, and many times after giving it up she inquired after the welfare of our school. I am very glad to be permitted to participate in this memorial service, I think it is right. In secular orders memorial resolutions are passed, and how much more should we remember our christian brethren and sisters in our social meetings when they have departed from us.

Remarks of Mr. J. M. Howell.

I sorrow most of all because I shall see his face no more. This church is sorely bereaved as well as his friends and relatives. On looking over the records for a year I find that six members of the Noon class have passed over the river, passed through the gates of the New Jerusalem. And since I have been a member of this church from the first, I find that twenty-eight have been called away. Twenty-eight connected with the Noon class, what a record! I was not intimately acquainted with all of these, but I believe all but two, and they all gave unquestioned evidences of their preparation for the better world. The last time Sister Stewart was with us I remember how clear her experience was concerning her religious state, her hope in Christ, her unwavering faith, the light in which she walked, the peace of God that filled her soul. It was well, it was well with Brother Stewart. O, how glad I am that he gave his heart to Christ when he did, and how my soul was thrilled when Mrs. Kulp arose in the congregation here and appealed to this congregation for their prayers in behalf of her father, who soon gave his heart to Christ. We rejoiced with them. These have preceded us; it may be but a few days they have preceded some. It is well with them; they are with Christ; they know what it is to enter the immortal state; they would not come back. How many death-bed scenes I have witnessed in this city since I have lived in it, and the number that have told me, as they were crossing over, of their preparations, of their joy, and of their happy condition and confidence of full salvation, and these who have just gone have gone with full preparation for the eternal world. I was not acquainted with Mrs. Stevens, and I am glad to learn that she lived a devoted christian life and was prepared when the hour came, and she heard with joy the voice of the Son of Man. Will we with joy hear that voice? If we are prepared to go like those who have gone, we will share with them in the glories of the eternal world, and die in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

Remarks of G. F. Reynolds, Esq.

Death has indeed made sad havoc in our ranks the past week ; and in view of the great loss which we have sustained as a church, it is certainly fitting at this time that we give some expression to our sorrow. I simply wish to add a word in connection with what has already been stated.

It was my privilege to be associated with Brother Stewart as a member of the Official Board of this church for ten years. He was elected a trustee in 1880, and thereafter for four successive terms, serving one year of the last term. I wish to bear testimony to his fidelity, his faithful attendance at the meetings, and his conscientious discharge of duties. I think the church was on his heart. Often he would say that he had just returned home, but felt that he must come down to the board meeting.

And we know somewhat of the life of Sister Stewart, and Sister Stevens, how they wore the triple crown of wife, mother and christian ; and now the other crown is theirs, the crown of righteousness. We should take some admonition in these deaths that have come to us, to live closer to God, to live not simply for this life, but for those things which are imperishable.

Some Thoughts on the Life and Character of the Late John Stewart, Esq.,
by Rev. J. E. Smith, D. D., LL. D.

My acquaintance with the subject of this sketch began in the sick room of his daughter, Mrs. George B. Kulp, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. I had frequently heard of him. For some reason, I know not what, I had come to think of him as a man to whom religion, if not distasteful, was, at least, a matter of supreme indifference. It is my invariable custom, upon such occasions, to speak to the sick one of his faith and trust in God, and to close the interview with prayer. As though it were yesterday, I remember the thought that instantly occurred to me, "Shall I pursue my usual course? Will not this man regard such conversation and prayer as preposterous?" It was only a passing thought. My duty was plain. Consequences were God's. But when at the conclusion of the prayer he took my hand and thanked me for my visit to his daughter, there was a moisture in his eye, a huskiness about his voice that revealed to me the real man. Those ten minutes had made a place for me in his heart; that moment of parting had given him a place in mine. From that hour we were friends, and no truer friend have I ever found than he proved to be.

He was a man of marked character. One glance at his face told me that he was not easily swayed. Upon all subjects on which he had thought he had formed opinions; and an opinion once reached by him was usually held with marked tenacity. Positive men are rarely popular. Their straightforwardness too frequently clashes with the interests of selfish men, or the prejudices of narrow ones. Popularity but too often means a facility in accommodating ones self to the opinions of others, a readiness to adopt their plans. Brother Stewart was not a trimmer. He would be true to his convictions if the heavens fell. He had in his veins the blood of martyrs. He inherited their heroism. He could neither be bribed to

silence, nor driven from the field by opposition. If necessary, he would stand alone, and in a minority of one he would be as firm as when he led his party to victory. Of course this element in his character caused him to be frequently misunderstood. Firmness and stubbornness, though wider than the poles, are frequently confounded. Firmness is fidelity to convictions intelligently reached. Stubbornness is ignorance holding on to a position accidentally taken. The firm man may change his opinion, the stubborn man, never. I have known Brother Stewart to change his opinions, but such was his caution in forming them that the instances were rare and the process was tedious.

He made no pretence to learning, but he possessed to an unusual degree the gift of hard common sense that enabled him in a moment to detect the sophistry of more cultured men, and it often saved him from becoming a tool in the hands of the designing and unscrupulous. Though deeply interested in the church, and as I believe for years a sincere christian, it was not until a comparatively short time before his death that he made a public profession of religion. Indeed, upon that subject he was singularly reticent. Only by long and careful study was I able to reach an intelligent opinion of his spiritual condition. The cause of his reticence was twofold. He was naturally diffident, and he was profoundly reverent. I use the word diffident advisedly, but in a restricted sense. There is in it no contradiction of the statements of his boldness already made. Many men, and among them the truest and noblest of earth, have seemed to possess a dual nature. When dealing with worldly affairs they have been bold, decided, confident, but when speaking of the soul and of its interests they have been diffident even to temerity. This, to trace the matter to its source, is partly natural and partly it arises from the absence of joy in one's religious life; and this, in turn, by a lack of trust in the goodness and love of God. There are in this life the elements of discipleship, and while they are not the highest elements they hold their possessor to

reigned supreme. His noble, queenly wife was to him a fitting helpmeet. They lived for each other and for their children. The early love was never outgrown, rather, it matured and ripened with every passing year. His daughters, to him, were always children. Though married, and most of them mothers, they were still in his eye, as it seemed to me, the romping, roguish tots of long years ago. The pet names he then gave them he still used in addressing them, and the same fond caresses were lavished upon them. At such times his face would be wreathed with pride and satisfaction. This phase of his character always both interested and delighted me. Often as I have watched him he would turn to me with a look that said plainer than words, "Haven't I a charming family?" Yes, it was. And to-day, as I write, there comes over me a sadness that is inexpressible when I think that I shall never again be permitted to mingle in its happy scenes. It was, indeed, an inscrutable providence that, in a few brief days, smote father and mother and daughter, every adult member of that delightful home. If this were all of life what philosophy could explain its mystery? If there was no better land where the broken ties could be reunited, if earth's sorrows are not dissipated by joys that are eternal, if, in a word, "death is an eternal sleep," where is the hand that can wipe away the tears of bereavement, and what voice can still the tempest of our anguish? Thank God! we sorrow not as those without hope. Our friends are going. One by one they climb the golden stair. We sit in shadows. And yet the shadows are illumined by the radiance of the sun of righteousness, and the silence of the tomb is broken by the assurance, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." As surely as the day follows the night shall the joys of heaven compensate for the sorrows of earth.

St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Smith, in a letter to Mrs. Kulp, among other things, says: "As I write I can see them all before me. What a happy family it was, father, mother, daughter, son-in-law. How much love there seemed to be in that home! What a kindly smile was always on the face of your father when in his home. In what tender tones and with what pet words he always addressed his children! I have traveled quite widely and have had large opportunities for observation, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen a kinder man to his family, and I have never seen a family in which, as it seemed to me, there was to be found more of genuine happiness. How dreadful to think that in a single day, as it were, the desolating hand of death should blot out all but the children from the earth. Yes, it seems so. Your poor hearts must well nigh have broken. And, for myself, I can say that Scranton can never again be to me what it has been. I always thought of it in connection with your dear father and mother. They always seemed fond of me and I learned to love them as I rarely have loved any outside my own family. And, yet, who shall say that it is not all just as it should have been? Now, we see through a glass darkly. Now, clouds and darkness are round about His throne. Could we see as perhaps they now see, would not we rejoice at the manifestations of God's goodness and love? So it seems to me. It must have been a glad surprise to him when he first opened his eyes in that spirit world to find that the one with whom he had walked life's pathway so long and so happily was there to begin with him the journey of the eternal ages. And, then, to be joined so soon by the daughter! Oh, I think, say what we will, that heaven is all the more blessed to them that together they can enjoy its blessedness. Thank God, I believe they are all there. *Safe, safe, forever!* And I! I expect to meet them bye and bye. They have outstripped me in the race. They have reached the goal. They have won their crown, but I shall overtake them. I shall look for them when my work is done and my Father calls me home."

Some Thoughts on the Life, Character, and Home of the Late John Stewart, Esq., by Rev. J. E. Price, Ph. D.

The forest boasts many trees, and withal a manifold variety. There are the graceful birch, the slender maple, the mournful pine, the stately cedar, the sturdy chestnut, and many others, but, chief among all, the great, strong oak, the best development of which is found not in the heart of the wood protected from winds, but on the mountain's brow where it has wrestled with the tempest and come to greatness and strength by grappling with the storm. John Stewart was a great oak. Not that he lacked in the higher graces that adorn true manhood. Many a man whose outward manner lacks the *finesse* of polite deportment, and whose speech frequently violates recognized laws of grammar and rhetoric, is the soul of chivalry toward women and the incarnation of genuine politeness toward men. If a kind heart, a love of fair play, a profound respect for the rights of others, and an earnest desire to contribute to the happiness of other lives be after all the dominant and underlying elements of a true gentleman, John Stewart possessed all these. It was mainly in the ruggedness of a strong nature, however, that he impressed all who knew him, and this was true both of his mental and moral qualities. With an independent judgment, the power of original and positive conviction, he combined a rare fearlessness,—a courage whose impulses sometimes led him to a brusqueness of speech that startled friends,—and a fierceness of utterance that carried dismay and terror to those whose schemes of iniquity, as he viewed them, he so vigorously denounced. To all this he added a tenacity of purpose, an indomitable will that was not to be worried out by any ordinary opposition, but which held straight on its course until victory was won. Besides all this was an unbending integrity. If he never reached the titled distinction of "Honorable," his public career did win for him from the people, glad to acknowledge the worth of so meri-

torious a public servant, the rarer appellation, often deserved, it is true, but seldom accorded,—“Honest” John Stewart.

In spirit he was generous to his opponents. If amid the asperities of political controversy he was sometimes betrayed into severity of manner and utterance, he was, on the other hand, oft-times more considerate and kind toward those who opposed him than they could ever know. As his pastor, enjoying his confidence, I was often gratified with his expressions of magnanimity toward those whose opinions and plans had collided with his own. John Stewart had a kind heart. He was truly sympathetic for the suffering and was ever a friend to the poor. In far more than an official sense, he had a deep interest in that noble and beneficent institution, whose clean and wise and humane administration should afford genuine pride to the citizens of Scranton,—the Hillside Farm. While other members of the board could boast a longer term of honorable service, he was surely second to none in ardent devotion to its best interests, and in kindness toward the poor and unfortunate. To members of this board, aside from the administration of public funds, many are the opportunities afforded for private benefaction, and well did he improve them.

At the funeral of a well known capitalist of Lackawanna valley, whose quiet and unobtrusive philanthropy had brought timely relief to many a struggling family, the poor came in large numbers to look upon the face of their dead friend. One of their number lingered for a moment by the casket, and while she wept tears of grateful affection, timidly reached forth her hand and touching the brow of this benefactor of the poor, quietly said: “And *we*’ll miss you!” The kind ministrations of John Stewart will be missed by many a needy family.

The home life of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart was always impressive for its beautiful and tender devotion, and as I first knew it seemed lacking in only one essential. The noble wife—and what a beautiful character she was; patient, kind, thoughtful for others, combining strong sense with a sweet, Christ-like spirit—surrounded with comfort and luxury, rich

in the affections of her lover-like husband and her devoted children, was yet deeply solicitous for the conversion of every member of her household not already connected with the church. Particularly did her anxiety extend to her husband now advancing in years. Many were the interviews with her pastor when he was the subject both of conversation and prayer. Well do we remember that notable winter afternoon when sitting in his own parlor, his anxious wife lifting her heart in quiet and tearful supplication, a loved daughter entreating, and his pastor earnestly appealing, he yielded and gave his heart to God, and we all knelt at the cross of a Redeemer mighty to save. That night in the church service he gave public manifestation of his desire, and soon after attended by a son-in-law and three grandsons, and in company with more than a hundred others of his neighbors and friends, he was welcomed into the church. The home life thus made complete seemed now almost ideal, and into no home that was apparently more happy was it my privilege as pastor to go. Its atmosphere seemed always pervaded with tenderness and gentleness, and Christly love. How these aged lovers watched over each other, solicitous for each other's health and comfort, rejoicing in each other's joys, sharing in each other's sorrows, walking hand in hand down life's declivity, their paths illumined by a sun hastening all too rapidly to its setting.

After morning service on my last Sabbath in Scranton, hearing of the indisposition of Mrs. Stewart, accompanied by my wife, I went for the last time to their home to say a word of farewell, in view of our early departure the next morning. After a few minutes conversation about our earthly future and about the life beyond, with its blessed reunions, we knelt and wept and prayed together, these dear, aged servants of God joining frequently in the prayer with fervent responses, and then we said "good-bye," little thinking that we should see them in their earthly home no more. But through the abundant grace of our Lord we expect to meet them "beyond the river" in the heavenly home.

In that perfect devotion and exalted affection that give charm to domestic life, truly they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Upon their twin graves I lay my tribute of christian affection, but the eye of christian faith follows them to the perfect bliss of that other life beyond the clouds, where, while they "neither marry nor are given in marriage," kindred spirits must rejoice in renewed and eternal fellowships.

"For love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since he who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must!"

1981 Madison Avenue, New York.

Recollections of John Stewart and wife, by Rev. L. C. Muller.

The flight of time since I was pastor of John Stewart and his wife, and the comparatively uneventful character of their history while I was thus related, are reasons why I cannot recount such details as would besit this page, and can only set down a few general impressions and recollections concerning them.

He was not an avowed Christian and not a church member during the years of my ministry in Scranton, but was such a manly, frank, straightforward, warm-hearted man, so honest, upright and moral, so sympathetic with reforms, progressive movements, and charities, so reverent regarding religion, so friendly and generous to the Church of Christ and cause of Christ, I was glad to have him a trustee of our church property, and thought of him often as not far from the Kingdom of God. My knowledge of him prepared me to hear without surprise the news that came six months after my departure, that he had publicly consecrated himself to Christ and united with the church.

There was in him a striking union of strength and gentleness, and often an amusing combination of bluster and tender feeling. I have seen him in moods when he reminded me of that day told of in one of Æsop's fables wherein the fierce winds and the warm sunshine struggled for supremacy, and the sunshine proved itself the stronger. I have seen him when he seemed a parallel to Lawrence Boythorn, in Dickens' story, who would utter flaming denunciations and severities regarding what he conceived to be injustice, and at the same time would interpolate his diatribes with heartiest laughter, and caress his pet bird that perched on his hand or nestled close to his face. As on the third day of the Gettysburg battle, the artillery duel between the Federals and Confederates was followed by an interval of silence before Pickett's charge, during which the song birds gave a sort of concert, so in him bombardment was often intermixed with bird songs. People who knew him, knew that however he might express himself in harsh language regarding anything he resented or condemned, he was, underneath it all, one of the most good-natured, kindly, and kind-hearted of men.

His home-life was beautiful. He was an attentive, devoted, avowed lover, though his head was gray, and his wife more than middle-aged. One could not see the two together without seeing evidences in his looks, manners and tones, of his rich and strong affection for her. I marvel not that he failed when he believed her dead. I cannot conceive of him as living contentedly without her. Wotton's two lines may be altered slightly and applied to these twain :

"She first deceased; he for a little tried
To live without her, liked it not, and died."

He was never so happy as when he had his family about him. His daughters might be mature matrons with young men and maidens as their children, but his house was still "home" to them all, and he was "father" to them all, just as in girlhood's days.

Mrs. Stewart's character does not admit of description so

readily as her husband's, because it had not such decided angles and points. This is no detracting, however, for it was so rounded and completed in piety and goodness she could not have them. She rises before my mind as one of the most peaceful, amiable, sweet-spirited, and kindly Christian women I have known in a ministry extending through twenty years.

Jersey City, N. J.

The Home Life of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, by L. C. Floyd, Ph. D.

My opportunities for knowing Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart intimately were many and delightful, beginning with the spring of 1876, the year of my first appointment in the city of Scranton, Pa. As they were old friends of my wife's people—life-long friends—I had met them before, and their names were household words with us all. They were guests at my father's house, were present when three of his daughters were married, and when the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Kennedy was celebrated. But my first really warm interest in Mr. Stewart was in his peculiar attitude in the church. He occupied regularly a central pew, was always there, and leaned over into the isle to have an unobstructed view as well as to hear. Being an attentive listener, I was not long in finding my way into the beautiful home where he was at his best, and where his wife presided with queenly dignity and grace. The surroundings of homes, as well as the inward furnishings, often illustrate the taste and character of the people who arrange them. They are the expression of the inward life. Their home outside and in was a model of neatness, taste, comfort, and luxury, without the first sign of extravagance. It was a quiet home. The children had all gone into homes of their

own. Yet there was no sense of loneliness, but brightness and good cheer reigned.

The home life was beautiful, mingling the freshness of youth with the experience of riper years. John Stewart's heart was as young and tender as that of the grandchild on his knee, and his wife made her home so attractive that he could ever return saying "there's no place like home."

They also maintained a princely hospitality. I have no recollection of *welcome* written over their door, but the word was in their hearts, and they wrote it on yours as with the point of a diamond. Their large dining rooms were often filled with invited guests, and the tables were decorated and burdened with the golden fruitage of every clime. Nor on these state occasions were the little folks left to wait for the second table, but they were served with all the respect and consideration of other guests. But the crowning glory of their home was the love that reigned there. Nearly fifty years before they had started on the voyage of life with one article of furniture common in those days. The love that made their lives one had blossomed in the children and fruited in the grandchildren. As the sun paints the flowers in all the variegated tints of the rainbow, so their lives were reflected in the love, beauty, fragrance, peace, purity and happiness of a home like the heaven above.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." The poet-philosopher of America has well expressed the happy voyage of these now sainted friends:

"The river of their life was one;
The shores down which they passed were two;
One mirrored mountains huge and dun,
The other crimped the green and blue,
And sparkled in the kindly sun!

"Twin barks, with answering flags, they moved
With even canvass down the stream,
In smooth or ruffled waters grooved,
And found such islands in their dream
As rest and loving speech behooved.

“Two lives, two loves—both self-forgot
In loyal homage to their oath;
Two lives, two loves, but living not
By ministry that reached them both,
In service of a common lot,

“They sailed the stream; and every mile
Broadened with beauty as they passed;
And fruitful shore and trysting isle,
And all love’s intercourse were glassed
And blessed in heaven’s benignant smile.”

Carbondale, Pa.

Words of Homage from the Scranton Press.

John Stewart, President of the Scranton Poor Board, died at his home, 326 Monroe Avenue, at 12.30 this afternoon. Mr. Stewart became ill a week ago last Sunday. He was attacked with La Grippe; nervous prostration also set in. Mr. Stewart grew steadily worse. On Tuesday of this week Mrs. Stewart died. It was not considered advisable on account of Mr. Stewart's low condition to tell him about his wife's death, and he died without knowing that she had gone before him, although in his periods of consciousness during yesterday and Tuesday he said he believed because of the sadness of his family that Mrs. Stewart had died. The funeral of Mrs. Stewart had been fixed for this morning, but on account of Mr. Stewart's case it was postponed, and husband and wife will be buried at one time. The services will take place in the First M. E. Church at 12 o'clock noon on Saturday. The remains will be taken to Wilkes-Barre on the 2.25 p. m. train for interment in Hollenback Cemetery. * * *

Mr. Stewart was a sturdy man, hale and hearty for his years, and rarely suffered from illness until the fatal stroke which bore him away. To the world he was an eager, progressive business man, thoroughly honest in every dealing, with a keen insight into the future, which enabled him to make profitable investments and amass a fortune. He was possessed of strong convictions, but was broad in his views, and of a generous nature. He shone most brightly in the family circle. He was intensely devoted to his wife, children and grandchildren, and thought more of their comfort and convenience than of his own. It was anxiety and nervousness, caused by the illness of his late wife, more than anything else, that brought on his fatal attack. He had served as a poor director for twenty-four years, first in the Pittston district, and latterly in the Scranton district. For the past four years he had been President of the

Scranton Board, and had always been a prominent figure at the meetings. In the administration of the district affairs he was a strict advocate of economy, his chief aim being to get the most for the people's money. He was brusque in manner at times, but his underlying goodness of heart showed itself in a spirit of liberality to applicants for relief, and he not infrequently gave money out of his own pocket to persons who particularly touched his sympathies with stories of their sufferings.—*Scranton Truth*, April 10, 1890.

The news of the death of Mr. John Stewart, President of the Scranton Poor Board, was received with sadness yesterday by hosts of people throughout the city who have been accustomed to receive a friendly greeting almost daily from the hale and genial gentleman. * * * Mr. Stewart was an unusually vigorous man for his years, and rarely suffered from illness until the fatal stroke which bore him away. To the world he was an eager, progressive business man, thoroughly honest in every dealing, with a keen insight into the future. * * * In private life he shone most brightly, and was devoted to his family. * * * Under his brusque manner Mr. Stewart carried a kindly heart, and he often provided for the wants of applicants for relief from his own pocket in cases where the tales of suffering touched his sympathies most deeply.—*Scranton Republican*, April 11, 1890.

He was a large man, and robust in constitution for one of his years. He rarely complained of illness until the past few months, but the illness of his wife kept him worrying until his strong constitution was forced to give way under the severe strain. He was a thorough business man, and as keen as he was honest in all his dealings. He was upright and conscientious, and none were more charitable than he.—*Scranton Sun*, April 11, 1890.

Although the illness of Mr. John Stewart, President of the Poor Board, was known to many, when the news of his death

was flashed about the city yesterday afternoon, it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen from a clear sky. On Tuesday his wife had died, and her cold corpse was still in the house awaiting burial when the life of her husband went out. It was as if the one had awaited for the other. * * * He was naturally of a charitable disposition, and was never at rest only when doing something to help the poor. * * * He never knowingly let a needy person depart from the Poor Board, and often helped them out of his own pocket. He was unostentatious in his charity. When he relieved out of his own purse applicants at the Poor Board meetings, which he did frequently, he always cautioned the reporters against mentioning it. * * * He was a kind and affectionate husband and father. To his family he was entirely devoted, and always on the alert devising means to make them happy.—*Scranton Times*, April 11, 1890.

When man and wife have lived happily together for forty-eight years, it is fitting that they should die together. This was the case with John Stewart, President of the Scranton Poor Board, and his good wife, Elizabeth A. We chronicled last Sunday the statement that Mrs. Stewart was dangerously ill, and that Mr. Stewart had been prostrated largely by nervousness on account of the condition of his wife. Mrs. Stewart continued to grow weaker until Tuesday morning, when she died. The family, fearful of the result, carefully kept from Mr. Stewart all knowledge of the death of his helpmeet, but the sad faces about him gave to the old gentleman an intimation of the truth, and it became evident on Thursday morning that the end was near. The preparations for the burial of Mrs. Stewart, on Thursday, were suspended, and on that day shortly after noon John Stewart breathed his last. * * *

Mr. Stewart was remarkably healthy and sturdy for a man of his age, and rarely suffered from illness. He enjoyed above all things recounting stories of the pioneer days of this valley, and often entertained his friends in this manner. He was a keen and able business man, who generally kept even with

the world, but was honest as the sun, and never knowingly wronged anybody. He had been a member of poor boards for over twenty years, first of the Pittston board and latterly of the Scranton board. He had been president of the latter named body for the past four years, and in that time had been present at every meeting until his last illness. He was careful in the expenditure of public money, and his voice was frequently raised in the interests of economy. But his sympathetic heart was always open to the tales of distress of applicants for relief, and he frequently supplemented the bounty of the board with cash from his own pocket. He was a most affectionate husband and father, most solicitous for the comfort of his family, and his home life was exceedingly happy and contented, surrounded as he was by children who fully reciprocated his affection. The double bereavement falls upon the family with the force of a calamity, all the more because it follows quickly upon the death of Mr. Stevens, a son-in-law, who died six months since, and a sister of Mr. Stewart, who died three weeks ago.—*Scranton Free Press, April 13, 1890.*

The death of the venerable president of the poor board, Mr. John Stewart, following so closely upon the passing away of his wife, and their burial together, is inexpressibly sad, but, at the same time, there is a peculiar fitness about it. These two had lived together forty-eight years. The period of their youth, their vigorous prime and their declining days had been spent together, and the true spirit of conjugal felicity was exemplified in their lives. Their's was an ideal home in which the presence of each was necessary to the happiness of the other, and after one had passed away the loneliness of the other would have been beyond ordinary conception. It seems to us therefore peculiarly appropriate that these two, who had been so dear to one another in life, should not be long separated by death, and the bereaved family may well take some consolation from this view of the case.—*Scranton Free Press, April 13, 1890.*

RESOLUTIONS.

In response to a call issued by the secretary, the members of the Poor Board met at their rooms at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, April 11, 1890, for the purpose of giving an expression of sentiment upon the death of the late John Stewart, president of the board. Upon motion of Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Pughe was chosen temporary president. In a few brief words he stated the object of the meeting, whereupon Director Murphy offered the following and moved its adoption :

WHEREAS, This board has heard with profound regret the melancholy intelligence of the death of John Stewart, its respected president, who, alike in his official capacity and in the pursuits of private life, served with usefulness and enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens; and

WHEREAS, It is highly appropriate that we, who have been officially associated with him, should place on record our sentiments as a just tribute to one whose excellencies of character were so conspicuous and whose labors on the public behalf were so meritorious ; therefore

Resolved, That we feel a personal deprivation in the departure from among us of our respected and venerable co-worker ; that we shall miss his wise counsel, the result of his ripe experience and honest intentions, as well as of his big-hearted sympathy for human suffering and his generosity in relieving it, and that in this estimate of his personal attributes we do but embody the sentiment of admiration for his unsullied life and sorrow for his death wherever he was known and honored.

Resolved, That in his death the citizens of Scranton and Dunmore have reason to mourn the loss of a faithful, wise and discreet public officer, whose labors were always for their good ; that the community has lost a patriotic, public spirited citizen ; that the family of which he was the venerated head, now doubly bereaved by the death of the estimable Mrs. Stewart, as well as of our president, have suffered a calamity, and the heartfelt sympathy of the members of this body is hereby extended to them.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes ; that a copy thereof, suitably engrossed, be presented to the family, and that the members of this board, as a token of respect, attend the funeral in a body.

Mr. Gibbons seconded the motion for the adoption of the resolutions, and in doing so spoke briefly and with strong feeling in relation to the dead man, his public services, and the honor and esteem in which he was held. There was a general expression of kindly feeling among those present, the remarks of Attorney Edgar being quite extended and pathetic. The resolutions were unanimously passed upon a call of the roll. The directors levied a tax upon themselves for a suitable floral offering, and chose President Pughe and the secretary to make the choice.

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The first part of the volume contains a series of papers on the history of the English language, from the Old English period to the present day. The second part contains a series of papers on the history of the English literature, from the Middle Ages to the present day. The third part contains a series of papers on the history of the English language and literature, from the Middle Ages to the present day.

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OFFICIAL BOARD RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and brother, John Stewart, and his estimable wife, we desire, as the Official Board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, to give expression to our feeling, therefore be it

Resolved, That in him we ever found a true and tried friend, faithful in work, affectionate in his relations, and a tower of strength in all worthy enterprises.

Resolved, That in his wife we saw one whom to know was to love, whose heart was as large as it was tender, and whose presence was a benediction.

Resolved, That we offer to the afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy, our aid in whatever direction it will be of service to them, and our prayer that He "who doeth all things well" will show them the light through the shadow.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, of the Adams Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, held April 11, 1890, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our number Sister Stewart, a long honored and much beloved member of our society.

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to her memory to say that in regretting her removal from our midst we mourn for one whose christian character was worthy of our friendship and love.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere sympathy to the family in their double bereavement, and commend them for consolation to Him who said: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy be presented to the family of our departed friend, and a copy be spread on the minutes of the society.

MRS. F. T. VAIL,
Secretary.

MRS. S. T. JONES,
President.



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